

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "MEMO."

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To YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (2d article):—Admitting the truth of all I said to you last week about the compelling force of love and its molding influence, so strange that purified thought has forced out grossness, so transforming that music is in your soul and poetry on your tongue, so volcanic that the crust of selfishness thick over your heart is rent asunder and a stream of thoughtfulness for another gushes forth—admitting this, I say, you must concede another fact that exists in every Christian civilization. Every young fellow, no matter how lowly or lofty, no matter how uneducated or learned, no matter how badly or well brought up, gains from his feeling of devotion to one dear woman—choice of his heart—a glimpse at least of the real grandeur of living and a ray at least of the sunshine of life possible to all of us forever and ever through a woman, the weak-strong complement of man. This gift of better understanding of the responsibility of existence comes to all who truly love; with some it lingers for aye, with others it vanishes like the dew on a summer morning. But to all it comes, whether treasured or disregarded.

Please now—for here my heart-felt appeal to you whose steps are springy with hope must begin—look around you. Look well at many of those who have loved each other and truly, years ago passed into marriage, a state which in your present feeling seems the one thing above all others to be desired. Study them closely, for mayhap you are looking in a prophetic mirror! The youth of ten summers ago goes to his daily duties now like a machine, and like a mere machine he turns homeward at night. Buoyancy has disappeared. He plods much like a horse plod, with no motion taken unless forced to it by external necessity. Where he once obeyed a gentle voice with alacrity, glorying in sacrifice, leaping to his tasks (he was just as sincere as you are), he is apt now to grumble at even the harnessing of the horse for her to drive. He approaches the maiden of ten years ago more often with complaints than with praise. At eventide he wraps himself up in silence, doing nothing to enliven the hours, or away he goes to the society of the club or the grocery or the saloon or worse. The ordinary courtesy prompted by civilized feeling toward women is forgotten when with his wife, and he finds in marriage merely permission to be rude to one woman without fear of rebuke. The fragrance of love that exists in tiny attentions like opening the door, raising the hat, and saving choice portions for her at table, has evaporated and left no trace behind. If occasionally he (his name is Legion) thinks backward along the way he has traveled, his puzzled heart will admit with a groan that no matter how sweet the uncertainties and hopes and dreamings of courtship, marriage with its knowledge and intimacy has scattered all. Sunshine has been scattered by gloom; the rosy tints of the dawn of love by the unrelieved stretches of a dun colored day.

So lads, though you are likely to deny such a thing and probably ready to argue with me most vigorously about it, there is a possibility, not very remote, if we may judge from others, that your heart's feelings will change and the glorious oasis you are resting in (capable of becoming a beautiful kingdom under your care), will witness your back turned on its pleasures and your face set towards a dreary, desert journey, like the one you have traveled before you found your dear love. As fellows traversing but once the pathway of life, let us talk with our hearts close together.

To avoid the misery I depict, you must keep alive in your heart its present conviction that perfect love consists as much in communion with her dear mind and spirit as it does in securing contact with her precious body. I know you have felt this way and ought to still, for you like to think as she does; opinions and beliefs expressed by her tender lips and her bright eyes have become for awhile more real touches of Divine wisdom than you think you ever heard before. Of course she is not the wisest mortal, but the effect on you is just as good as if she were; for it draws you to her side and you both rejoice in being together. If this feeling can be made to last, your future will be one of beautiful growth in wisdom and happiness.

To avoid the misery I depict, bear in mind that fire is a good servant but a frightful master; that the added freedom of marriage will have a tendency to confuse your thought so that the minor function—a function whose gratification has not hitherto been essential to your happy communion with her—is in danger of becoming a major feature of the united life. Instead of being a subordinate enjoyment, merely added that the mental and spiritual attachment may be more firmly welded, it will, like a cuckoo in the home nest, grow and fight for the mastery of all and will succeed unless you watch. The abuse of the physical duties and privileges will, like the scorching heat of a desert, destroy the fragrance and delicacy of life. The dividing line between love and lust is easily crossed, and then, like a paralyzed king in the lower floor of his three-storied palace, it will be hard to reach the higher stories of her mind and spirit, in whose

beauties you once gloried. Where there is a complete surrender of the best of each to each, there will never be contentment with grossness; the completion of love will remain lofty and sanctified. But where the act degenerates into lust, it becomes as unlovely as the satisfied grunting of breeding swine. Then our little Eden will become closed to us by the flaming sword of the outraged higher qualities.

When cultured Athens, art's historic flower, Too lofty nurtured to retain her power, Yielded her treasures to barbaric war;— Like gilded galleon left on rocky shore;— Rude Roman soldiers spoiled her sacred shrines And drained from priceless cups their common wines. Over her choicest gems quarrelled and fought, And found in purest art but sensual thought. Thus ever will the coarse, untutored mind Degrade God's saintliest gifts, to beauty blind. Drag from their holy haunts things pure and chaste, And all the wealth of garnered wisdom waste, And even stain where high it shines above The lofty luster of ennobling love.

Bear with me further. You will of course say that there is the woman side of the question to consider. True, but at present I am not writing to women. That will come later. I have more to say to you.

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. R. B. Greave, merchant of Chisholm, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair, was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is grandest remedy ever made, as has done so much for him and also for others in this community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Flint Bros. Drug Store.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centers in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c. or \$1.00 per bottle at Flint Bros. Drug Store.

New York's Pneumatic Mail-Tubes.

The system of pneumatic mail-tubes for which Mayor Strong broke ground on August 2 promises to bring about a notable quickening in the distribution of letters in Greater New York. Tubes are to connect the post offices of New York and Brooklyn, and others, as planned at present, are to radiate from the New York post office to all parts of Manhattan Island. The lines that are first to be finished, and which may be done some time in October, will connect the post office with the battery on one side and with the Forty-second Street station on the other.

There is no considerable part of Manhattan Island to which the summer and fall will not bring considerable changes. The mail-tubes are an item of an unusually long list of improvements that are either in progress or impending. Before November Fifth Avenue will have been repaved and possibly the demolition of the old reservoir will have begun; the great Astoria Hotel will be finished; the new Sherry's and the new Delmonico's will be far along toward completion; Dr. Depeue's New York Central cheap cab system will be working; progress may possibly have been made in accelerating the street-car systems of the Fourth, Sixth and Eighth avenues; space will have been cleared for the two new small parks on the East Side, and on the West Side the improvement of St. John's Church-Yard Park will doubtless have gone forward. The upper part of the island produces its surprises every season, and is not idle this summer; and as for the new paving that is going on, and the schools, prisons, cathedrals, college buildings, model tenements, and recreation piers that are a building, there is no end of it. The average human being delights in change, and part of the fun of living in or visiting a big and fast-growing city is to keep the run of its changes, especially all those which profess to be improvements.

Happily the changes now in progress here involve the demolition of very little that will be missed, and nearly all of them will be welcomed, even by old and conservative residents. — [Harper's Weekly.]

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferers immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

ITHACA FUR COMPANY'S FARM.

There are 2000 Skunks in an Eight-Acre Inclosure.

Through courtesy of the managers of the Ithaca fur company, your correspondent was recently permitted to inspect their novel industry of skunk farming, its "plant," its interesting animals and their products, together with all the necessary accompaniments to conduct the business successfully. It is hoped a brief description of what was seen will interest all who peruse this, especially the ladies, who delight in wearing the excellent fur of these little animals under various names of expensive furs of animals now nearly extinct; but what's in a rose except its scent, and what's in a skunk but—its fur and oil?

A ride of seven miles by carriage from this college town brought the party of investigation to the object of their curiosity. The natural habitation of the skunk is in some mound or spookish place, as the cellar of abandoned houses and under the floors of deserted barns, in quiet, out-of-the-way places. Country graveyards are their favorite haunts, and not a few youth have been seriously frightened by seeing these stealthy animals, on moonlight nights, stalking about among the gravestones as dark and silent as the shadows of the stones.

In all of these respects this skunk farm is admirably located, for a more lonely and weird spot would be hard to find. It is on a plateau 300 feet above the level of a valley, and has as a background a steep hillside. It is adjacent to a small settlement that in years gone by was known by the suggestive name of "Skunk's Misery." Whether it was this name that suggested the location of the enterprise here did not transpire, but its promoters certainly had regard for the "eternal fitness of things." Of the 80 acres constituting the farm, eight are already parked and as much more under construction. On entering the grounds and being informed by the manager that we stood within a stone's throw of 2,000 or more of these animals, all of whom were liable to make their appearance at any moment, vivid recollections of a previous encounter with one of these beasts and its sickening atmosphere of stench, it was enough to make one's hair creep and wish himself a good distance away; but on the assurance of the manager that there was no danger, fears quieted down and investigation began. There certainly was no olfactory evidence that a skunk had ever been in or about the premises.

The burrows are made by digging trenches into the side hill about eight feet, the bank end of which is a little higher than the front end, to prevent water running in. Three boards 10 inches wide and eight feet long are nailed together and placed in the trench, the open side down. The trench is filled with earth, and the back end is then about three feet under ground and ready for the occupants, who arrange the inside to suit themselves; but they must be provided with dried grass, fine hay or leaves to fashion into nests.

The size and location of the inclosure having been determined, a ditch three feet deep is dug around it, and then a stone or grout wall is laid. Upon this wall a tight board fence six feet high is built, with a capboard projecting inward to prevent the skunks climbing out. The feed and cook house is in the inclosure. It is 20 by 60, built on a stone foundation, with apertures left in the wall to permit the animals ingress and egress. One end of this room is partitioned off, and used as a cook room, the floor of which is cemented. The feed is refuse meat and bones from the butcher, the milk of two cows and mush made of wheat bran. The meat must be free from taint, and it is cooked. Pure running water in the inclosure is absolutely necessary. A study of the habits and characteristics of these animals is interesting. They hibernate during winter, only making their appearance at rare intervals when the weather is mild. Unlike other "farm stock," they require no feeding in cold weather when the former need the most. They have only one weapon of defense, and that is never visible, but it is powerful enough to blind and paralyze an ox for the time being. Strange as it may seem, there was not a scent of these animals about the premises. They have become as tame as kittens. Care has to be observed in walking among them. If one should happen to be stepped on he might resent the indignity to a person's great discomfort, and the ruin of his wearing apparel. They can be handled with impunity if the tail is used as a handle. The superintendent picked up one and handed it toward a lady of the visiting party, saying: "Here is a beauty; just heft it." The request was declined with a little shriek and a stammer, which were interpreted to mean, "Thanks, awfully." It is said skunks cannot emit their scent unless they have something they can grasp firmly with their claws. Skunks to start a farm are caught in traps. When to be slaughtered they are first chloroformed. They are as prolific as swine, usually breed twice a season, and drop from 6 to 12 at a litter. Black pelts bring \$1.50 to \$2. The carcass of a fat skunk yields about \$1 worth of oil. The females are generally striped with white, and such pelts do not sell for nearly as much as the full black. Effort is being made to breed off the white. This will require a long time; but it is expected to be successful in the end. This skunk farm is in the hands of enterprising city business men who have the

means and ambition to push it for all there is in it. Enemies to the skunks here have not put in an appearance; but it is learned from a gentleman just from Alleghany county that a skunk farm on a small scale there was gradually and mysteriously robbed of its furry occupants almost to the last one. One day the owner discovered the entrails of some small animal pending from the limb of an adjacent tree. He set a trap and caught the thief, which proved to be a large owl. As both owls and skunks roam by night, the latter are particularly exposed to be preyed upon by the former. — [Galen Wilson in New York Tribune.]

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

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A Joke On a Phrenologist.

The jokes that practical jokers play upon wise men are sometimes as funny as they are elaborate. A case in point is said to have occurred some years ago in England when a humor-loving individual who rejoiced in the possession of a fine vegetable garden found therein one evening a large turnip. It so happened that this particular turnip was marvelously like in its shape to a man's head, and bore a very decided resemblance to the features of a man. The joker, perceiving a fine chance to make a point, and struck by the curious resemblance of the turnip, had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, requesting him to examine its bumps and to make a report.

After sitting in judgment upon the cast for some time, the phrenologist, so the story goes, reported that while he could not judge accurately from the cast, it was his opinion that it was the head of a person of acute mind and research; that he had the organ of quick perception and also of perseverance well developed and that there were signs that he was also a person of extreme credulity. This opinion was sent by mail, and the phrenologist expressed, in closing, the hope that at some time he might have the privilege of examining the head itself.

The reply was sent that the owner would gladly comply with this request, but that unfortunately he could not do so, since the original had been eaten by himself and his family several weeks before with their mutton at their dinner. What the phrenologist thought of the reply is not stated.—Harper's Round Table.

What Do the Children Drink?

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A dress reform woman writes to a Philadelphia fashion magazine to explain that "a woman ought never wear a corset around the house." But who would ever try that anyway? — [Chicago Times-Herald.]

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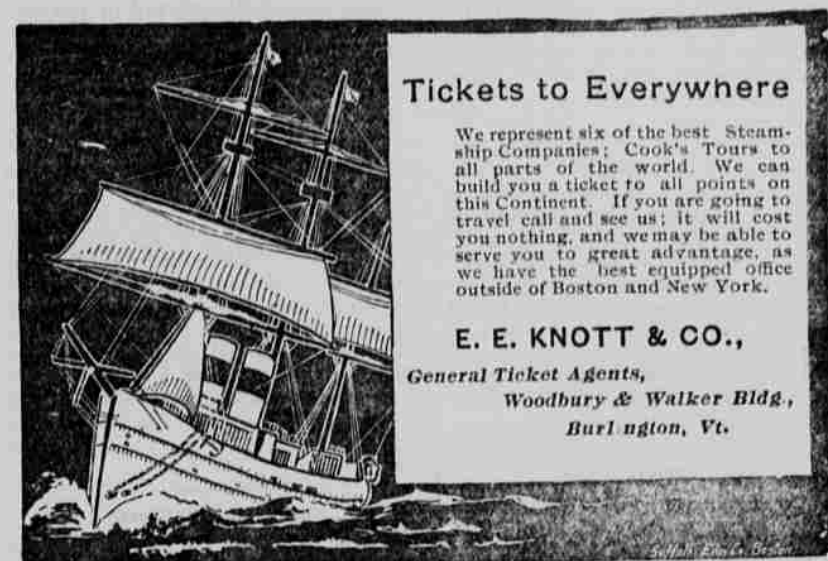
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